

The Old Commonwealth.

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"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Puffed the wind with misty beauty at the close of one
sad day;
And the last rays shone the forehead of a man and
maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, float-
ing hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with
lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must
not ring to-night."

"Bessie," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison door,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark, and
damp, and cold,
"I've a tower in that prison, doomed this very night
to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help
nigh."
Crownell will not come till sunset, and her face grew
strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers—"Curfew must not
ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced
her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poi-
soned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that
gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and
right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings
to-night."

Wild her eyes, and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep center, Bessie made a
solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear
or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Bessie Underwood
must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes
grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not
ring to-night!"
She with light step bounded forward, sprang within
the old church door,
Left the old man passing slowly, paths he'd trod so
oft before;
Not one moment pausing the maiden, but with cheek
and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung
to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one
ray of light,
Upwards still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not
ring to-night."

She had reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs
the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway
down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour
of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath and paled her brow,
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with
sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall
not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck
below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not
heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Bessie's
funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so
pale and white,
Shut her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew
shall not ring to-night!"

It was over—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for a hundred
years before,
Human foot had been planted; and what of setting this
night had done,
Should be told long ages after—as the rays of a
sunny
Light the skies with mellow beauty, aged sirens with
heads of white,
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that
one sad night.
O'er the distant hills came Crownell; Bessie saw him,
and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sud-
den beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all
bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so
sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with
misty light;
"Go, your lover lives," cried Crownell; "Curfew shall
not ring to-night."

Dead Shot on Coons.

A raccoon put in an appearance on
Central Avenue, near Allen street, yester-
day. A hoodlum saw the coon and
went for it with a brick. The coon
flew from danger, and went for liberty
and a tree. He got both. Hoodlum
not having his climbing trowsers on,
goes for a pistol and a crowd. The
crowd and pistol returned in a few mo-
ments and took a bird's-eye view of
the coon, and then held a consultation
as to the best mode of capturing him.

While the crowd was talking coon,
a stranger with a faded countenance
came along on a slow march and in-
quired the cause of the gathering of
the multitude. One of the hoodlums
said, "Look up there." The stranger
cast his weather eye up the tree and al-
lowed it to wander along the limb un-
til it came to the coon, when it rested.
The stranger then elevated his index
finger and placed it along side of his
nose. He remained in a brown study
about two seconds, when he said, "I'm
a dead shot on coons. Bring me a
pistol and be ready to sweep up the
remains."

The pistol was handed to the stranger.
As soon as he took the pistol in
his hand he commenced to tremble,
and one of the crowd said he was in a
splendid condition to shake carpets.
The stranger gave him a withering
glance and then said, "I always culti-
vate a tremble in my pistol hand when
I go shooting coons, so as to scatter
the shot and give the coon an easy
death." Having expanded on his shoot-
ing eloquence, he invited the crowd to
stand back. They did so. The stranger
then elevated the pistol slowly, but
before he got it up as high as his shirt-
collar it went off suddenly. Instead
of shooting the coon, he placed the en-
tire charge of the pistol in the right
arm of Maurice Fitzgerald, who re-
sides at No. 429 Central Avenue.

As soon as the stranger discovered
the coon did not drop from the tree, he
dropped from the view suddenly, and
was last seen coming down Washing-
ton Avenue looking for something to
quiet his nerves.—*Albany Post.*

LAMIA.

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF A WOMAN
WITHOUT A HEART.

The day upon which General Lovell
and the Confederate forces evacuated
New Orleans was a sad day to Major
Spinotto, as to many others. The Ma-
jor's sadness lay in the fact that he had
to leave his bride, Aglae, just six weeks
married, and just sixteen years old.—
Whether it was sad to Aglae or not, I
will not decide, but presume it was,
for Claude was a handsome fellow,
just twenty-four, ardent, handsome,
rich. However, Claude had to tear
himself away, leaving his young wife
in care of his mother, and with a good
store of gold in his trunk. When
spring opened and things got more
quiet, Aglae and the mother were to
retire from the city, and go to the
plantation near Opelousas, and thence,
if chance served, across the river and
get within the Confederate lines again,
somehow.

I do not know all the particulars of
the affairs, but it is certain that in less
than six weeks Aglae had left Mme.
Spinotto's house and gone to live at the
St. Charles Hotel, where her beau-
tiful attracted much attention and a
great number of admirers. Among the
number was a certain Captain Coale,
from Maine, in the Quartermaster's
Department of the Federal army, a
person of fine figure and complexion,
with quick blue eyes and fascinating
manners. There was some talk about
the attentions which Aglae received
from Captain Coale, but in the general
wild and disorder of New Orleans life
at that time the matter went for little.
In the latter part of May young Mme.
Aglae Spinotto was sent "beyond the
lines," by order of Butler, for "disloyal
language and treasonable practices." She
took refuge at Mme. Spinotto's plan-
tation in Opelousas, where Claude's
mother had already arrived, and was
most cordially received, as became "a
martyr to the cause."

A week later three steamers, with a
gun-boat for escort, came up the At-
chafalaya, landed at the Spinotto plan-
tation, and a Captain Coale, coming to
the house, arrested Mme. Aglae Spin-
otto, "by order of the Commanding
General," and carried her off, together
with 1,000 bales of cotton buried in
the woods, but which Captain Coale
knew how to find as by instinct. There
was also a large quantity of sugar con-
cealed in the next parish, to which
Captain Coale's presence led him
straight. Singularly enough, the pro-
ceeds of this capture were never turned
over to the authorities in charge at
New Orleans—neither the lady nor
the cotton, nor the sugar; nor does it
appear Captain Coale made any re-
port of his operations to the authori-
ties. A British ship took the cotton,
etc., aboard in Atchafalaya bay and
sailed for Liverpool, while the gun-
boat returned to Brashear City. It is
not my province to explain how these
little "irregularities" were permitted to
occur.

On the 20th of August, 1862, Major
Claude Spinotto deliberately threw his
life away in the battle of Clarksville,
Tennessee, having received a letter the
night before from a friend in New Or-
leans; and early in October of the same
year, Capt. Rufus M. Coale and lady,
from England, were registered at one
of our chief New York hotels. There
seems no doubt now that the lady was
the widow of Claude Spinotto. Coale
had some difficulty with Kennedy and
the police, but apparently was able to
show a clear record. At any rate, he
was not interfered with, and the couple,
who had an abundance of money, lived
a fast and gay life. As there is
no evidence to the contrary, it is only
charitable to suppose that they were
married. About Christmas of the same
year, Capt. Coale met with a fatal ad-
venture. He was enticed to an unfre-
quented part of Maryland, not far from
the military lines, by the same device
that was never clearly revealed, and
there set upon and murdered, his pocket-
books, which contained several thousand
dollars, being rifled. No traces of the
murderers were ever found.

Mrs. Coale left the hotel and went to
a private boarding house, her circum-
stances being much reduced, so she
said. It is ascertained, however, that
during the next eighteen months she
was very frequent on Wall street, and
one of the boldest and largest speculators
in gold, and one who never lost. In
October, 1864, at which time she went
to Europe (under suspicion of being
connected with a large embezzlement
of the Government funds), her win-
nings at the Gold Board were gener-
ally supposed to exceed \$2,000,000, and
it was known that she had invested ex-
tensively in five-twenties.

After this, Mrs. Coale cannot be
traced with any certainty for quite a
number of years. There is, however,
a legend connected with her history
which may or may not have a founda-
tion. This legend relates that in the
spring of 1865 she married a Russian
of rank, who took her with him to
Hamburg, and there lost all his money,
and all she would let him have.—
She, with her devil's luck, won back
all she lost, but refused to give it to
him to lose again; so she flew off with
him to his estates out on the steppes
somewhere, in I know not what deso-
late, God-forsaken region, and there,
an imbruted savage, led her a dog's
life, between brandy, women and the
whip. One day, in a fit of delirium
tremens, after scourging his whole
household, including a pale-faced
Greek priest named Urban Callama-
chi, he drew a pistol upon his wife and
was instantly murdered by the priest.
There was a trial, but the proof of
self-defence was sufficient. Aglae and
Urban were acquitted, but the latter
was sent to a monastery and Aglae
banished. When she reached Buda,

on her way to Italy, the priest met her
at the hotel door and flung himself at
her feet. He had escaped. She sent
for the American Consul, and mar-
ried the priest. He was an optimist
eater, this Urban, and a year later,
sailing down the Nile, the hymns of
the Coptic monks at vesper so crazed
him with despairing recollections of a
holy past in the light of a damned
present, that he slipped over the daba-
beeh's side into the gurgling flood and
was drowned.

This, mind you, is only legend. What
is known, is that in the winter of '72-3
Mme. Aglae Callamachi came to Wash-
ington, spent the season there, and the
summer was seen at many of our fash-
ionable watering places. The next
winter she passed in Florida, and up-
on the return of spring established her-
self in that lovely Southern spot which
I shall call here the city of Cupressina.
Aglae Callamachi was not yet twenty-
nine, and a woman of exceeding
loveliness. She was a dark brunette,
with just the slightest tendency to em-
bonpoint; a perfect Spanish face, with
the clear porcelain complexion of that
style of beauty—large, dark, full eyes,
fringed with lashes long curved, with
grace to drive a foot mad—eyes melt-
ing and languishing, if she chose, with
passion, or quickened and vivid with
appreciation and intelligence—the daint-
iest hand and foot, and a shoulder
and bust just statue in their line. This
lady dressed in dark colors and with
exquisite taste and culture; she was
well read; she had infinite world expe-
rience and savoir-faire; she was rich,
kept her house with regal magnificence,
entertained charmingly; she affected
and indeed unaffectedly loved the
society of handsome young men, and de-
fiantly snapped her fingers in the face
of every woman who questioned her
character in any respect, or showed
the slightest aversion for her. You may
be sure such a presence was not whole-
some for Cupressina, a place not re-
nowned for its sensations.

A universal favorite in the town was
a young Pole, named Julian Karpofsky,
who had settled there since the war
and engaged in business, which very
respectable foreign connections en-
abled him to pursue both with success
and enterprise. Julian, a man of fine
presence and accomplishments, good
dancer and good linguist, fond of mu-
sic, skilful as a performer, seemed to
gravitate naturally toward Mme. Aglae,
and a famous friendship sprang
up between the two, upon which scan-
dal did not scruple to lay its unspair-
ing tongue, calling the intimacy one
which it needed a priest to hallow.—
The chronicler has no business to sift
and weigh opinions, however, and I
will not stop to particularize the gos-
sip of a provincial place like Cupressi-
na. Mme. Callamachi enjoyed Julian's
society and made much of him, and
Julian must have taken pleasure in
Mme. Callamachi's carriages and din-
ners, her grand fêtes and petite soupers,
even if he took no particular delight in
herself. The rivals for her favor gradu-
ally drifted off—all save one.

This one was a Kentuckian of very
nearly the same age as Julian, who es-
tablished himself at the bar of Cupressi-
na since Julian had come there, and
indeed, since Aglae had made it her
residence. Walter Sorel was a quiet
young fellow, yet noticeable withal; of
medium size, some inches shorter than
Julian, a blonde, with soft voice, pleas-
ing manner, a woman-like month, and
a calm, observant gray eye. There was
not nearly so much dash about him as
about Julian, he attended to business,
did not mix much in society, but it
was observed of him that all the friends
he made he kept.

Sorel seldom visited, but he had
some how been thrown within the vor-
tex of Aglae Callamachi's fascinations,
and yielded instantly. Aglae did not
give him any compensations worth
speaking about, indeed it is probably
she rather scorned him, but it does not
take an experienced woman of the
world long to know her slave, and that
was the relation Sorel was unhappy
enough to have towards Aglae. He
bore the chain willingly but not cheer-
fully, for it galled him. There was no
intimacy between him and Julian, but
a quiet reserved courtesy, as become
brave men who know themselves to be
both good shots—Julian rather boast-
ed of his skill with the pistol and the
small sword, and Walter was a Ken-
tuckian—and who felt themselves to be
rivals.

Things went on this way for several
months—Julian the accepted favorite
—when another actor came upon the
scene. This was a young and brilliant
beardless, who had come up to Cupressi-
na from her estates in an adjoining
county to pass the fall and winter.—
Miss Dosier was reputed to be, and un-
doubtedly was, very rich; she was
quite pretty and rather accomplished,
though still too young to succeed in
society, vain and with a head turned
by flattery and self-consciousness. Miss
Dosier was not content to follow the
lead of other ladies of Cupressina and
treat Mme. Aglae with quiet scorn,
genuine or well assumed at least. It
entered into her giddy head to engage
in a rivalry with the madame, and win
back from her some of her conquests.
The contest was not as uneven as
might be assumed. Both rich, on the
one side, youth, inexperience and van-
ity were matched against all the pow-
ers and accomplishments of an unscrup-
ulous woman, who knew the depths
and shoals of passion and of human
weakness by having measured and felt
them; but on the other hand, there
was character, innocence, social stand-
ing, against—what? A dark curtain
which could not be lifted, and which
every one felt had better not be peeped
behind. There was not much skrim-
ishing after war was declared before
the forces were ready for a more seri-
ous trial of strength.

Lamia still reigned in Cupressina,
but her feather-headed rival in a widow
in heart. She had a heart—the other
woman had that supreme advantage
over her.

The second night after her first hus-
band died she sat by the open cham-
ber window five hours waiting for the
cats to begin fighting in the back yard.
She said: "This thing of going to
sleep without a quarrel of some kind is
so new that I can't stand it! Let me
alone till they begin; then I can doze
off gently!"

Cupressina had but one theatre, and
that not always open. On a certain
night in November last, however, there
was a good company—for Cupressina
—playing there, and all the nice peo-
ple of the town who could afford to go
were present. Mme. Callamachi was
there in a box, attended by Walter
Sorel and some other gentlemen, but
Miss Dosier was seated in a box along-
side Julian Karpofsky, who had been
rather attentive to the heiress lately.
After the first act Julian came to
Mme. Aglae's box, and there ensued
some lively conversation between the
two, when Aglae laughingly sent him
back to his companion. At the next
break in the performance, Sorel, who
was a pretty constant admirer, saw Aglae
give an almost imperceptible sign to
Julian to come to her. Julian ei-
ther did not see her, or did not re-
spond, but kept his seat by Miss Dosier.
A look of surprise, mingled with
sorrow, passed over Mme. Callama-
chi's face, accompanied by a sort of
hesitation that was quite marked. At
that moment Karpofsky and Miss Dosier,
gayly laughing and talking, turned
and both of them looked full face into
Aglae's box. There was no more hesi-
tation. With a large, imperious ges-
ture of her fan Aglae beckoned to Ju-
lian to come to her box in the face of
half of the house. Julian turned his
back, while Miss Dosier coolly looked
at Mme. Callamachi through her long-
netted with a woman's cruel stare. The
battle had been joined, and Aglae was
defeated. First day's fight.

Her face lost none of its equanimity,
however. Sorel, his eyes beaming,
leaned over and murmured, "Say the
word, and I will fetch that fellow to
you by the ears, madam!" "Appose
yourself, Walter, my little agent," re-
sponded Aglae, smiling, as she laid her
hand upon his arm. "Madam, I over-
there is exasperated—but it is her
first passion; besides, the play is not
over."

When Sorel was about to leave Aglae
at her door that night, she stopped
him. "I had prepared little supper—
for two—will you take the chair and
place that they meant for another?"
He went in, they supped, and when he
left the house late, full of love and Bur-
gundy, he was completely in the toils.

Sorel's office was in the immediate
vicinity of the Court House. He board-
ed at a hotel and had sleeping apart-
ments over his office. The next night,
about 1 o'clock, he was roused by a
knocking at his office door. Going
down, he found a strange man wait-
ing, who said in a constrained voice,
"Madame Callamachi sent me to fetch
you. She wants to see you instantly!
Will you come with me?" "As soon
as I can dress," answered Sorel, and
making a hurried toilet while the stranger
waited below. Walter followed the
stranger who walked very rapidly in
the direction of Aglae's house. Ar-
rived there, the stranger led him at once
into Mme. Callamachi's apart-
ments, turned up the gas, took off his
hat and faced Walter. It was Aglae
herself, in men's clothes. Walter scarce
noticed the costume, so absorbed was
he in gazing into the face, distorted
with passion which she turned upon
him. "Aglae!" he cried. "Do you love
me?" she asked. "Don't speak! I see
it in your face! I love me, then!" She
thrust a letter into his hand and flung
herself on the bed in a passion of tears.
Walter read:

MADAME:—In announcing to you my
engagement with Miss Dosier, I do not
need to tell you that all further rela-
tions between us must cease. I regret
the contretemps of last evening, but it
could not be avoided. You will always
have the best wishes for your obedient
servant.

"What I have heard is true, then?"
said Walter, gloomily. "Yes! kill him!
I'll kill him!" he obeyed you—he is
but a poor dog to treat a woman so!
"Kill him like a dog, then! Kill him
at once! I will go with you to see it
well done! It is for that I am in this
dress!" "We do not manage things
that way in our country," said Sorel;
"stay where you are and leave it to
me—you shall not be compromised."
"I love you!" cried the woman, em-
bracing him; "you are a man, and a
gentleman!" Sorel freed himself from
her arms and left the house.

The next day, in a public house in
Cupressina, Sorel permitted himself to
repeat some wretched ribald rhymes
current about Karpofsky, which the
Pole had resented with great temper,
and, as Sorel knew, for which he had
long avowed his purpose to hold the
first responsibility to deadly ac-
count—was intended, Karpofsky
sent a challenge to Sorel, and the cartel
was accepted.

Two days later, on a sand bar in the
river, there was quite a gathering of
persons to see two young men pistol
themselves to death. Some thirty or
forty spectators were there and a sur-
geon, who did not forget that the first
of professional duties was to look after
his fee. Karpofsky's skill with the pis-
tol was so well known that bets of fifty
to ten were offered, with no takers,
that he would "fetch" his man at the
first fire. On the contrary, however,
when the fatal signal was given Kar-
pofsky fell, never to rise again.

Sorel became a broken and unhappy
man for life.

Lamia still reigned in Cupressina,
but her feather-headed rival in a widow
in heart. She had a heart—the other
woman had that supreme advantage
over her.

(For the Old Commonwealth.)

"Little Pitchers Have Large Ears."

Children are quick to catch and re-
tentive to hold anything that may fall
within their perception. Young and
pliable they are like "wax" to receive
and marbled to retain impressions.
This capability applies equally well to
things both of a good and an evil na-
ture. Everything that passes their ob-
servation or their sense of hearing will
leave its shadow or representative
stamp indelibly upon their mind,
and though not always cognizable, it
will surely manifest itself whenever a
proper occasion occurs. They involun-
tarily imbibe everything that comes
within the range of their comprehen-
sion. They scrutinize with their seem-
ing careless, but truly careful, gaze ev-
ery word and act of those among whom
they move, and have their being." Es-
pecially is this the case in regard to
parents. Taught to love and respect
them, they intuitively form the idea
that they are paragons of excellence—
models to be followed in everything.
Hence, so soon as they reach the age
of susceptibility every reprehensible
circumstance, whether of word or deed,
imprints itself upon their impression-
able minds and at once begins to direct or
influence the tenor of their after life.
If these influences are good, the foun-
dation of a stable and upright charac-
ter will be laid; if evil, an insecure and
unworthy one will be the consequence.
Then, parents, if you desire your chil-
dren to become men of honesty and
integrity, worthy to fill the high and
trustworthy positions of the country,
be not remiss in duty; let not word or
deed be other than will bear the true
test of christianity; let the first shoot-
ing tendrils of their tender minds be
supported by the strong trellis of
sound precept and upright example;
let them be kept clear of the rank and
noxious weeds of impurity and vice
that they may be better warned by the
genial and life-giving rays of moral
and religious influence. In short, if
you want your children to be all that
you desire them to be, let nothing inde-
cent or criminal be mentioned within
their early and eager hearing; for "lit-
tle pitchers have large ears," and will
catch many a poisonous drop which
was intended to be cast upon others.

ORON FOLCENYNE.

Mr. Vernon Foxe, June 1876.

Mark Twain's Report of an Accident.

Mark Twain recently tried his hand
at writing up a distressing accident for
a Boston local paper, and this is how
he did it:

"Last evening about 6 o'clock as
William Schuyler, an old and respected
citizen of Hyde Park, was leaving his
residence to go down town, as has been
his custom for many years, with the
exception of only one short interval in
the spring of 1850, during which he
was confined to his bed by injuries re-
ceived in attempting to stop a runaway
horse by thoughtlessly throwing up his
hands and shouting, which, even if he
had done so a single minute sooner,
would inevitably have frightened the
animal still more instead of checking
its speed, although disastrous enough
to himself as it was, rendered more
melancholly distressing by reason of
the presence of his wife's mother, who
was there and saw the occurrence, not-
withstanding it is at least likely, though
not necessarily so, that she should be
reconnoitering in another direction
when incidents occur, not being vivacious
and on the lookout, as a general
thing, but even in the reverse, as her
mother-in-law is said to have stated, who is
no more, but who died in the full hope
of a blessed resurrection upward of
three years ago, aged eighty-six, being
a Christian woman without guile, as it
were, in property, in consequence of a
fire in 1849, which destroyed every sol-
itary thing she had to the world. But
such is life. Let us all take warning
by this solemn occurrence, and let us
endeavor so to live that when we come
to die we can do it. Let us place our
hands upon our hearts and say with
earnestness and sincerity that, from
this day forth, we will beware of the
intoxicating bowl."

A Remarkable Coincidence.

In 1853 four gentlemen entered their
sons at a boarding school at Oakes-
burg, in South Carolina. They had
been for years intimate friends, and
were clergymen in the Methodist
Church. These boys remained at this
institution, as room-mates and class-
mates, for two years, and entered Wolf
College, standing relatively first,
second, third and fourth. They re-
mained at this institution four years,
and were room-mates all the time, grad-
uating relatively first, second, third and
fourth, in a large class. They entered
a law office at Spartanburg and at-
tended law under the same counsellor.—
The war broke out, and at the call for
troops they entered Jenkins' rifle reg-
iment from South Carolina, and were
mess-mates in the same company.—
Being near the same height, they stood
together as comrades of battle in this
regiment. At the second battle of Man-
assas, August 1863, a shell from the
enemy's battery fell in the ranks of this
company, and by its explosion killed
these four boys (and no others in the
company.) They are buried on the
battle-field and sleep together in the
grave. Their names are Capers, Smith,
McSwain and Duncan, sons of Bishop
Capers, Rev. Dr. Whitford Smith,
Rev. Dr. McSwain and Rev. Dr. Dun-
can, of Virginia, and the last a brother
of Rev. Dr. Duncan of Randolph Macon
College. The grave is marked by a
granite cross and enclosed with an iron
railing.—*Alexandria Sentinel.*

When a woman finds she is married
to a prodigal son, she should arise and
go to her father.

Orthographical Innovations.

Many celebrated persons, without
entering into an orthographical crusade
and revolutionizing the English spell-
ing, like James Elphinstone, a man of
considerable learning—who commenced
a treatise on that subject thus: "To
chooze hoo poves dhe large wot, a suc-
cinct view of English orthography may
be as pleasing, as to odders indispen-
sible,"—have, nevertheless, in a quiet
way, entered their protest against the
fashion of their time. Milton wrote
soveran, for instance, therefor, highth,
in which last he was followed by Lan-
dow, who also wrote Aristotles on an-
alogy of Empedocles, which is rarely,
except in a young ladies' finishing
school, pronounced Empedocle, though
he hesitated to write Brute or Lucrece
on the analogy of Terence, nor on the
analogy of Pliny did he venture to
speak of Marins by his name for
which Byron confesses his preferential
passion. Tennyson has adopted ploov.
The timid Cowper was bold enough to
write Grecian in his translation of
Homer, after the fashion of Greece.—
Lardner wrote clandestin, famin, (in
words of this kind the final "e" seems
not only useless but injurious,) peruse,
sais, preface. A sample of Mitford's
peculiarities is island, endeavor. He
considered the "s" in the former word,
what indeed it is, a graft of ignorance.
Hare, lately followed by Furnival, held
it so much of a baseness to spell fash-
ionably that he roundly abused such
pot-bellied words as spelled for spelt
in the pretenses of weak verbs, and
gave us preachit, etc., with such gen-
tleness as genuine, and threw into the
bargain inver and achieve. He also
maintained that mute "e" should be
expunged when not softening a pre-
ceding consonant, or lengthening a
preceding vowel. Byron, finding it
impossible to determine but from the
context whether "read" be past or pres-
ent, wrote redde, though he might
have written red like led, there being
little fear of its being confounded with
the color. Thirlwall inveighed against
our established system, if the result of
custom and accident may be called sys-
tem, as a mass of anomalies, the growth
of ignorance and chance, equally re-
pugnant to good taste and common
sense. But notwithstanding the good
bishop's tirades, the British public
never, never will be slaves, even to an
academy. They cling to their old spell-
ing with an impulsion proportioned to
its inconvenience, and are as jealous of
any encroachment on their prescriptive
domain as of a trespass on their right
in the public parks. We know what
would become of English loyalty if her
most gracious majesty were to take it
into her royal head to close St. James's.
Tyrwhitt, aware of this, contented him-
self with but few varieties, such as rime,
a spelling which derivation, analogy,
and ancient use alike support, and
could, which being obviously derived
from con adds in its present state to
the unnecessary anomalies in our lan-
guage. The obtaining orthography
arose out of uniformity probably with
would from will and should from shall,
and even in these words the "i" has un-
fortunately long ceased to be pronoun-
ced. With regard to time, it was per-
haps better written ryme, to distinguish
it from hour-frost. The Elizabethan
imprivity of the "h" has been traced
to Daniel. It is never found in Milton or
Shakespeare. It arose most likely from
the notion that the word was connected
with rhythm. The learned Trench, in
his "English Past and Present," 1863,
curiously enough discards "ih" in ryme
as a modern misspelling.—*Cornhill
Magazine.*

Sir Isaac Newton's Experiments.

When Sir Isaac Newton changed his
residence and went to live in Leicester
Place, his next door neighbor was a
widow lady, who was much puzzled by
the little she had observed of the philo-
sopher. One of the Fellows of the
Royal Society of London called upon
her one day, when, among other do-
mestic news, she mentioned that some-
one had come to reside in the adjoin-
ing house, who, she felt certain, was a
poor crazy gentleman. "Because," she
continued, "he diverts himself in the
eldest ways imaginable. Every morn-
ing, when the sun shines so brightly
that we are obliged to draw the window
blinds, he takes his seat in front of a
tub of soapsuds and occupies himself
for hours blowing soap bubbles through
a common clay pipe, and intently
watches them burst. He is doubtless
now at his favorite amusement," she
added; "do come and look at him."
The gentleman smiled, and
then went up stairs, when, after look-
ing through the window into the ad-
joining yard, he turned around and
said: "My dear madam, the person
whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic
is no other than the great Sir Isaac
Newton, studying the refraction of
light upon thin plates, a phenomenon
which is beautifully exhibited upon the
surface of a common soap bubble."

This anecdote serves as an excellent
moral not to ridicule what we do not
understand, but gently and industri-
ously to gather wisdom from every cir-
cumstance around us.

A RIVER OF INK.—In Algeria there
is a river of genuine ink. It is formed
by the union of two streams, one com-
ing from a region of ferruginous soil,
the other draining a peat swamp. The
water of the former is strongly impreg-
nated with iron, that of the latter with
gallic acid. When the two waters mingle
the acid of the one unites with the iron
of the other, forming a true ink.
We are familiar with a stream called
Black brook in the northern part of
this State, the ink color of whose wa-
ter is evidently due to a like condition.
Scientific American.

Practice charity, saith the Lord.

Teaching Canaries to Sing Tunes.

Canaries are said to be very ready to
pick up tunes if properly taught, and
the owner of several fine birds, which
sing whole melodies, has lately ex-
plained his method of instruction.
He wished his favorite bird to sing
"Home, sweet home," and provided
himself with a musical box regulated
to play that air and no other. He
then placed his canary in a room where
it could not hear the singing of other
birds, suspended its cage from the
ceiling so that the bird could see its
reflection in a mirror, and beneath the
glass he placed the musical box. Be-
ing of a guileless nature and unac-
quainted with the nature of looking-
glasses, the canary readily believed
that the bird it saw before it was the
originator of the melody, and, either
envious that the other bird was such
an accomplished musician or perhaps
desirous of joining in the chorus in a
friendly way, the songster began to
catch the notes and finally mastered
the entire song. It may be questioned
whether the song which nature has
taught the canary is not more suitable
and consequently more agreeable than
"

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